What Do You Read and Why Do You Read?

response to your kind invitation to tell you what a response resting is done solely for pleasure. What profit I may from the perusal of books is secondary. As a matter were, all books pertaining to my profession I read with of pecuniary benefit, but by no means without deriving addy classical, for reading is like association with indiat, the best and most congenial are to be sought for. a prove with the former as with the latter that evil socications corrupt good morals,

to my mind Shakespeare is the keystone to the arch in orb of Shakespeare. I also read writers but higher efforts.

Gibben, Macauley and other historical writers but higher efforts.

Gibben, Micauley and other historical writers but higher efforts.

Of the monthly publications I like particularly to read "Life of Johnson." I like this class of reading de the control of far nobler sense, "lives of great men all remind us we state of the sands of time. Pistarch's are, that in-stable classic, and Scott's "Napoleon" are also favor-of mine. During my office hours I sometimes have state of elegant leisure which are delightfully spent with

reen, Montaigne, Chesterfield and Irving.
There is nothing in the way of reading so thrilling and insting as are well-written novels. The authors who me most in this direction are Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, ame and others of classical style. I have read some the late novels with much pleasure, particularly the sard's Spots," which I think is one of the best, but the masters are my choice. "In old books you get new in new books you get old ideas." I think one of the entertaining of all books is the "Spectator," composed knoon, Steele and Addison, the illustrious triumvirate, master English, spend your nights with Addi-

must not forget metaphysics, for my nights (not these nights) are often spent in the captivating society of Sir ian Hamilton, Locke and Kant. Bacon is also a fathe plays of Shakespeare, although he was styled by "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

read the daily newspapers and best magazines from a ness as well as pleasurable standpoint, to be kept in the touch with the freshest and most important topics be day. There is no better tonic or appetizer for break-

ast not forget to tell you the Bible is one of my fabooks, read for spiritual profit as well as for pleas-The book of Joh is, to my mind, one of the finest in productions ever composed. I like it because it is It loses the charm of biography to a great extent because any beautiful, true and good, but because of the con-BRUCE WALLACE, M. D.

suppose I might be called an omniverous reader, for I

thes of the Texas Historical society, in which there is the decided interest. In the ordinary historical novel ow seem to miss most of the history and part of the from my inability to determine where one ends and

other begins. So I prefer my history straight. In general literature I scarcely know where to choose. stones to reach a greater altitude where

thereby, Still which seems to be the result of more leisurely labor, illustrate my meaning. which I can enjoy quietly and without being drawn into fush and swing that marks so many of the volumes of

neisely, then, I would say that I do not think that any ties of literature would meet my demand for pleasure profit. Our mental needs are varied, infinite. I nough the profit of earth, they reach toward heaven, and they are afed in part and their further evolution and growth moted by such truths as they may assimilate from literated by such truths as they may be as the literated by such truths as they may be as the literated by such truths as they may be as the literated by such truths as they may be as the literated by such truths as they may be as the literated by such truths as they may be as the literated by such truths as they may be as the literated by such truths are the literated by such truths as the literated by such truths in, of men's more sober thoughts, or fancy's leftiest in romantic fiction.

E. T. Dumble.

answer to your question, permit me to say that I hast of all, to read the daily newspaper. Many persons that the information as to the markets, the proof congress or the legislature, the orders of govboards, the rulings of departments, etc., constithe ealy value of the daily paper. But it is not the inen, to enlarge, to broaden, to elevate. Akin to were ever at handower of actual contact with life is the power of the Mper, which, as it were, "holds the mirror up to" daily

I we read the paper, we take note of passing events. touch our interest here and there, re-enforcing or fing our own experience, perhaps, and we pause to to mark its relation to other events, and to speculate consequences. Te next day we read something upsame subject, and so the next, and the next stady a chain of events in their relation to each other.

It able to observe the rise, progress and influence of is they occur. In this way we may study governhistory, sociology and the whole philosophy of life in the concrete, or by example. The study unat circumstances engages our genuine interest, and powers of the mind are brought into exercise; memsnation, judgment, reason, are all drawn into acand agreeable use, and derive health, vigor and growth

tional nature, too, is touched by the newspaper boy of great deeds is there to kindle admiration and history of noble, self-sacrificing and benevolent of a dully portion of the Bible; for from that fountain the speculative tendency among publishers was fostered to a dully portion of a dully portion of the Bible; for from that fountain the speculative tendency among publishers was fostered by these successes, which led to experiments with books that by these successes, which led to experiments with books that led to experiments with books that lift more than the advertising to commend them. Stupid books, crude books, books that were utterly flat and and there alone do I find "the way, the truth and the lift."

Mas. R. M. Hall.

Without a single interesting or attractive feature, were puffed. hay be read almost before his words die upon his are higher than all other values. I would mention my need are higher than all other values. I would mention my need are higher than all other values. I would mention my need are higher than all other values. I would mention my need are higher than all other values, or from that fountain of a duity portion of the Bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from that fountain of a duity portion of the bible; for from the bible is the bible in the

ment of the reader. The pathetic side of life is also presented in the columns of the daily papers. Unhappily, the paper, like the world, is full of pain and suffering; homecss children, cheerless homes; disappointed, debauched and opeless men and women; sorrowing gray hairs and com-ortless old age; the daily harvest of death; the pity of it all must touch the strongest heart that heeds the story.

In the daily paper are materials not only for brightening and sharpening the intellect, but also for drawing out and developing every noble sentiment of the heart, every good impulse of our nature, every generous and kindly feeling the soul and all within us that is good and pure and gentle. In fact, the daily paper is life epitomized, and one who reads aright soon identifies himself with the great currents of the world's thought and feeling and action as refrom them as works of literary merit. My taste is flected in the paper, and draws from them a many-sided deelopment of mind, heart and character, which it has been the dream of the masters in pedagogy to accomplish. Life, actual life alone, can give a full-orbed manhood.

I like to read such weekly publications as Harper's Weekly, The Outlook, and Saturday Evening Post. They reflect in a condensed form the best thought, the larger acmy mind share the set thought, the larger action. When I wish to be refreshed and have tranquil tivities and the more important tendencies of current his when I wish to be refreshed and have transplit tory. Through these publications we touch a clarified world in which only that which is believed to be of general or in a lovely flower garden by moonlight with "one permanent interest is preserved. Such papers help us to spirit for my minister." Next come Milton and Byron, select and remainer the good that surrounds us, and to discount the care that the check and the care that the care that the check and the check and the care that the check and the care that the check and the mitable, revolving as satellites about the card the chaff and track of life. They give an elevated outorb of Shakespeare. I also read with pleasure look and an uplift of purpose and sentiment that inspire to

Biography 1 am passionately fond of, and have read sequisite pleasure that greatest of all biographies. Bosecus in the pleasure that greatest of all biographies, Bosecus in the pleasure that greatest of all biographies because the pleasure that present in an impressive and effective way some fundamental element of high character or some

Of course, there is an abundance of good reading in far nobler sense, lives sublime and, departing, leave behind us other monthly magazines. The articles I prefer to read are sents on the sands of time." Plutarch's life, that inthese that treat of industrial, social and educational problems. These are the problems that involve the destiny of mankind. I believe that there is something better in store for men than they now enjoy; better industrial conditions, petter social conditions, a fairer distribution of the rewards f labor, fuller opportunities and a higher life for the whole race. All the literature dealing with the vast problems involved in the upward struggle of man against the burden of existing industrial and social conditions is of prime interest and importance.

Of the more permanent literature contained in books, I like best of all biography. This is a common preference. The reason is that biography treats of life in the concrete. ong ago it was said that biography is history teaching by example. It tells the story of an individual, usually some what above the average in strength, windom, or character, but still a man like unto ourselves. We more readily enter into sympathy with the central character of the story because he has "ups and downs," his successes and failures, nd has foibles and weaknesses like our own and is moved ly hopes and aspirations similar to ours. Another reason biography takes hold upon us is that it illustrates possibilities which every reader may fondly hope lies within himself. What another has done, a country lad, perhaps, the day. There is no better tonic or appetizer for break-thin The Post. For aid to digestion, nothing like good or and a laugh provoked by reading "Tampering With te" and the "Exchanges."

there is atill another and greater reason why biography in-terests us. It is the story of a human life, more or less idealized, and this idealization is one of the chief charms of biography. Described in the chief charms sprung from the ranks of ouscurity, why may not we? commands our homoge. The imagination is God-like, "Kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings,"
History, too, I like It is also a reproduction of life.

must generalize and deal with events and institutions rather ally I feel with Job. There is no better society than than individuals. Yet the history that delights us. 4 books, therefore I say with Addison, "I am never less Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." than individuals. Yet the history that delights us, like-Hume's "History of England," groups its historical events tio about a few great history-makers and holds our attention largely by its biography. But history is the great storethrough practically all classes of printed literature as house of worldly wisdom. It shows what has been attempt as into that graven by nature's hand on leaves of a still find pleasure and not profit in most of it.

Primarily, of course, my reading is largely of books, and how and why, and what has failed, and why. There is no profitsion, this, is not what I am asked about.

What little historical reading I do is confined to shorter that treating of persons or events connected with our State or Nation. Among these I may mention the publications. In contemplating the greatness, the glory of conquering arms. In contemplating the greatness that he was the same of the race, what has succeeded, and how and why, and what has failed, and why. There is no problem in life upon which history would not enlighten us did we but know history. There is no power of mind, no faculty of the soul to which history does not mind the publication. that graven by nature's hand on leaves of ed in the upward tolling of the race, what has succeeded, the or Nation. Among these I may mention the pubfore it, the mind rises, as it were, expands itself, ranges over the mountains of thought and delights itself in the exexcise of powers hitherto untried. Such exercise makes the mind incapable of smallness and banishes envy, spite, and all their train of petty iils. But the scene is shifted, and history shows us the fallen hero, a Napoleon a captive, the proposed has much to do with what he wishes to read at prostrate nation, the devastated fields, cities sunk into ables, abandoned and ruined homes, starving multitudes, the ruthless oppressor, the ravages of disease and the last extremity of wretchedness. The heart is wrung by the sufferings of a superation, they have here dead of the sun of the sun

stal vision will have a clearer atmosphere and a wider stal vision will have a clear the proper st

is. I can not say that I care very much for the gen
and of today's novels and although I read them, it is almost familiess. It presents a largeness of view, a breadth apass the time and reat my mind by diverting it from and reach of thought, and a soundness and strength of In in the hope of being much scatiment that can not fail to elevate and broaden character, sometimes happens that even in I am not a great reader of poetry, but I like the poetry that lightest there is a thought expressed idealizes the common things of life, that magnifies the who is ready to receive it. Occasionally, too, there is the ties of friendship, that exalts truthfulness and honor, tich, for instance, as the "Fortunes or Oliver Horn." that teaches "simple faith" to be more "than Norman Ward's "Eleanor," and others, which appeals directly blood," that clothes in brightness and beauty simple acts of have been three or four books so much in vogue that for the and which I do read with real pleasure. But I like mercy, kindness, gentleness and sympathy. Many of the to back into the older world of writers and take a poems of Goldsmith, Whittier and Longfellow admirably W. H. KIMBROCCH.

Why do I read? For so many reasons, I will attempt to give the chief ones only. In the first place, I read to satisfy a craving as imperative as is my desire for daily bread. My mind must be fed, and at short intervals, or I am restless and unhappy. I never realized this in its fulness until recently my one pair of reading glasses was broken for a day, and I found myself at such a foss, when between whether it be the record of scientific facts, of historical active household duties I could not refresh myself with books or papers. This definite apperite of the mind may be, in part, a matter of cultivation and habit; I have no recollection of a time when I did not read, some at least, every

> Then my desire to know makes me read. Meager, indeed, must be the knowledge and information of one shut up within his own experience, and what may be gathered from books a closed volume? No communion with the heroes

As to what I read; that depends largely upon time and regunstance. In times of comparative leisure and quiet, have loved to read poetry, history and biography, with ven philosophy and a little science interspersed; he heat and burden of active domestic life. I find more leasure and profit in something which does not require depth continuity of thought, in something I can pick up and ay down without loss of interest; so I am now chiefly onfined to magazine articles, novels and newspapers. My favorite novels are those which have a purpose in view the betterment of some oppressed class, the overturning or reforming of a vicious system, the righting of a great wrong-such books as Dickens, Charles Reade, Harriet Beecher Stowe and a score of others have written. Then like historical novels, finding more interest in the lives and doings of the great worthics or unworthies of the past, than in purely imaginary characters. And, I must confess to the reading of new books sometimes, for no better reason thru that they are much talked about, and I like to be the to discuss them intelligently.

Of course, a Houstonian's day is not complete without a perusal of The Post,

Lastis, and as far above the rest as the soul's interests

The Novel and the

M. Jules Verne, the French novelist, and Mr. Victor Murdock, an American journalist, have recently made predic tions as to the future of the novel and the newspaper that have been attracting wide attention. Mr. H. G. Wells, who would be the prophet laureate of latter day literature, if there were such an office, or if prophets were laurels as poets are supposed to do, has treated of this subject in his scientific "Anticipations," but the public generally has been of the opinion that truth, in this instance, in spite of the proverb,

Newspaper of the Future.

is not to be found at the bottom of Wells.

Whether it is true or not, M. Jules Verne's prophecy is interesting. He believes that the time is coming when the evel will cease to exist and its place will be taken, strange to relate, by the daily press. This prediction is based on the ridness of style to which newspaper writers have attained. rividness of style to which newspaper writers have attained. The French novelist is a believer in proverbs and holds that truth is stranger than fiction. "As historic records," M. Jules Verne is reported as saying to a correspondent of the London Daily Mail, "the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learned to color every-day events so well that to read them will give posterity a truer picture than the historic or descriptive novel could do.

The real psychology of life is in its news, and more truth—truth with a hig T—can be gathered from the police court story, the railway accident, from the every-day doings of the crowd, and from the battles of the future, than can be obtained if an attempt is made to clothe the psychological

oral in a garb of fiction

The prophecy of Mr. Victor Murdock, the American journalist, is in strong contrast to that of the French novelist, Mr. Murdock recently informed the Kansas Editorial association of his views of the newspaper of the future, which, in his indoment will not be written in the highly colored style which M. Jules Verne predicts, but, on the contrary, according to Mr. Murdock, "all reports will be absolutely colorless," "Within forty years," Mr. Murdock insists, "the daily newspaper of the large city will be as impersonal as a Santa Fe passenger train." It will be issued in a series of editions, says Mr. Murdock, each devoted to one kind of news only. For instance, at 5 a. m., an edition devoted to the market reports; at 5:30, a transportation and tariff information edition; at 6, a report of world-wide weather con-ditions; at 6:30, a real estate bulletin, and so on; at ic 'clock a concession to the ordinary man will be made by the publication of a general news edition. In each large city there will be only one of these papers, and a single corpo ration will control the papers in all the cities. Political in-formation will be given mainly in the form of authentic interviews with public men, but the newspaper as a whole will have no political complexion.

Now, these prophecies are both of them interesting and only lack the element of truth to be superlatively important. Prophecy based on probability is uncertain, for what appears to be probability to one man is improbability to au-other and impossibility to a third. The only sure prophet is he who prophesics after the event.

The public of the future will not be satisfied with colorless catalogues of events. A great deal of the yellowness of contemporary journalism may be bleached out in the future—and that would be a good thing, but human readers will always insist upon human interest in the writeup of the news of the day and that the thing be done in a reasonably attractive manner. Nor will the editorial writer be super-Expert opinion in public affairs will always be demanded in the newspapers; and the party, not the partisan, parties. Editorial writers are able to lead public opinion only because there is a demand for such leadership and because the average citizen, whatever his acquirement, looks the sky. Each tree then stands out in its own individuality to his newspaper, if not for guidance, at least for informa-

M. Jules Verne is equally wrong at the other extreme of opinion. Newspapers will never be turned into true novelettes or feuilletons of fact. The journalist will never take the novelist's occupation away from him. We do not read fiction because it is founded on fact, but because it is fiction and we want relief from facts in the regions of fancy. When the imaginative writer is overloaded with facts, the result failure; instance, Homer's catalogue of ships, and James Lane Allen's description of hemp raising in his "The Reign of Law," to take an ancient and a modern example. The pleasure of reading novels comes from following the novelist in his flights of imagination, of which there would be none if he were confined to facts, from the plot and the characters. If the novelists were limited to writing biography, all their genius would be wasted, for the sayings and doings of their characters, the wit, the laughter, the tears that imagination creates would have to be excised out of their writings and pruned down to correspond with facts which, in spite of M. Jules Verne's eulogy, are often trivial and dull

The "Booming" of Novels. (Laterary Digest.)

reaction has now taken place. It says (July 3):
"The most interesting phase of the book business at the truth at any previous time within the past five years. Ever since 'David Harum' began its phenomenal career as a seller," there has always been some book, and often there moment the publishers could hardly manage to supply the demand. Presses were kept running day and night; the binderies hummed with excitement, and the book shops of fered the favorite of the moment, not by the dozen or the score, but in great mountins heaped up to gorge the publi sho were buying sometimes at the rate of thirty or thousand copies a month. This sort of thing continued steadily throughout the period mentioned, first one book and then another coming up into a phenomenal popularity and then giving place to an equally popular successor.

Every publisher of note had his turn at this, and the brilliant successes achieved led to much study on the part both publishers and critics of the reasons for this and abnormal condition:

Some said that it was due to the cheaper processes em ployed in the manufacture of books, which lowered the price and thus brought them within the means of every one. was hardly an adequate expression, for the particular sort of books which attained these spectacular sales were little if any cheaper than they had been bitherto. Others thought that by an acceptance rather than by a rejection. actual contact with others. Who could be content to suswere a witness to the fact. This explanation also failed to alon as mere information that is chiefly valuable. The and heroines of the past; no inspiration to higher thoughts, satisfy the mind, since the demand was not for books in general of life is to educate. He who attends well to the and better living from their lofty apprentions and noble deeds. oment of his own powers, who succeeds in making and oetter fiving from their feets and entertainment is atif what he ought to be, may be sure that he shall not a world of pleasure and entertainment is atif what he ought to be, may be sure that he shall not forded by one's library! I have lived in remote places, sphere, to certain special novels. A few amiable optimists where contact with people was very limited, and yet I never tried to persuade themselves and others that the real cause proper guidance, is first in power to educate, to develop, to knew the feling of loneliness, for my book companions was the high merit of contemporary novelists as compared with those who used to write. They said that whereas in former days a great novelist appeared only once in a quarter of a century, our Golden Age was giving birth to new writers every year, equal if not superior to the great ones of This doctrine, however, while it was popular in Indiana, never took much hold upon critical minds elsewhere, and its serious expression was mainly confined to where, and its serious expression publishers' advertisements. Finally, it was claimed that the great sales of particular books were effected by strenuous, ngenious and persistent advertising; in other words, by becoming' reduced to something that resembled an exact sci-

"This fast hypothesis has, on the whole, been generally accepted, and it certainly contains more truth than any of Publishers have picked out some one novel from their entire list and have concentrated all their efforts upon pushing it into an enormous circulation. This was all very well and, in fact, entirely legitimate so long as they selected a book which had some merits of its own to justify the advertising and to satisfy the public expectation. Indeed, the early books which experienced the boom were distinctly readable if nothing more. 'David Harum' in many ways was very well worth while. So was 'The Bonnie Brier Bush,' and so were Miss Mary Johnston's first success and Mr. Major's Tudor story and Mr. Tarkington's delicately executed little romance of 'Monsieur Beaucaire.'."

and praised with the most extravagant forms of culogy in announcements whose adjectives might have been borrowed from a circua poster."

from a circus poster."

The collapse of the "booming" business, this authority holds, will be a gain distinctly benefiting not only the readers, but quite as surely the publishers also:

"The result today is that the public cares little or nothing about this kind of commendation, and they are falling back upon the good old plan of listening to the counsel of disinterested critics and to the advice of their own judicious friends. Take any of the 'best book lists' published in our leading literary magazines, and you will notice that the reports from each locality differ perceptibly from those of every other locality—a fact which proves that readers of books are beginning to do their own selection and to think

and judge a little for themselves.

"That this result is exceedingly desirable from an esthetic and literary point of view is a statement that needs no dem-onstration. That it must be almost equally desirable from the publishers' point of view ought likewise to be obvious."

Hawthorne in Lenox. (Interior.)

It is in Lenox that we find Hawthorne in the spring of 1850, resting after "The Scarlet Letter"—the mighty creation which had placed forever in the galaxy of letters a new It was a tiny house, that "little red house" he occu pied, set upon the hillside and overlooking a bit of landscape whose charm, whose lights and shadows and whose tints gave to the lake and mountains beyond a meaning and an inspiration which were constant sources of blessing, restfulness and invigoration. Indeed, the fascination of the scenery was so alluring that he said, "I can not write in the presence of

On all these points about us the eye of Hawthorne rested in mute and lavish admiration, though it was a view of which he tired to some extent, as he weared of the climate so trying in mountainous altitudes. Dr. Holmes rides down from Pittsfield to visit the Hawthornes the second year of their stay, and Hawthorne insists upon holding Dr. Holmes' horse while its rider dismounts to step inside to get a view through the boudoir window. On coming out the genial doctor said, "Is there another man in all America who ever had so great an honor as to have the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' hold his horse?" Let us get this view in Hawtkorne's

"The house stands on a gently sloping eminence, a short distance away in the lap of the valley, a beautiful lake reflecting a perfect image of its own wooded banks and of the summits of the more distant hills, as it gleamed in glassy tranquillity without the trace of a winged breeze on any part of its bosom. There is a glen between this house and the lake, through which winds a little brook with pools and tiny waterfalls over the great roots of trees. The glen is deep and narrow and filled with trees, so that it is all a dense shadow of obscurity. Beyond the lake is Monument mountain, looking like a headless sphinx wrapped in a Persian shawl, when clad in the rich and diversified autumnal foliage of its woods; and beyond Monument the dome of Taconic, whose round head is more distant than ever in winter when its snow patches are visible, but which generally is a dark There are many nearer hills blue, unvaried mountain top. There are many nearer hills which border the valley, and all this intervening hill coun-The sunsets of winter are incomparably try is rugged. splendid, and when the ground is covered with snow no brilliancy of tint expressible by words can come within an infinite distance of the effect. Our southern view at that time with the clouds and atmospherical hues, can neither be described nor imagined, and the various distances of the hills which lie between us and the remote dome of Taconic are brought out with accuracy. And yet the face of nature can never look more beautiful than in May when Monument and its brethren are green, and the lightness of the tint takes away something from their massiveness and ponderosity, and they respond with livelier effect to the shine and shade of

It must be added, in the interest of historical veracity, that there is a passage in the introduction to "Tanglewood Tales," written within two years after the Hawthornes left enox, showing that the novelist grew rather asweary with the sameness of the entrancing landscape just described. Hawthorne is back now (1853) in Concord, and writes:

"It was idle to imagine that an airy guest from Monument mountain, Bald Summit and old Greylock, shaggy with primeval forests, could see anything to admire in my broad meadows and gentle eminences. Yet to me there is a pecuhar quiet charm about them. They are better than mountains, because they do not stamp and stereotype themselves into the brain, and thus grow wearisome with the same strong impression repeated day after day. A few summer weeks among mountains, a lifetime among green meadows and placid slopes, with outlines forever new because continually fading out of the memory, such would be my sober choice."

The Editor and the Author.

Mr. Alden gives us some of the results of his many years' For the same dangers threaten us all, and to each of our experience with authors:

ontributors who have been associated with him and Robert Bonner is said to have "set the proc" in the man- the management in shaping the dratiny of the Magazine," he ter of advertising stories when, more than a generation ago, says, "the most gratifying feature of the retrospect is the very fervor of genius leads to expansion—oiten to undue expansion, beyond the natural scope of the story's motif, expresent time is represented by the undoubted fact that no cepting in the rare cases where a vigorous contractility acone book of any sort is now enjoying an extraordinary sale. companies and regulates the expansion, being an intuitive reflex thereof, an instinctive reserve. If the editor sees that a story is over-long and suggests stricter economy, the au-thor must, of course, be the judge as to the demands of his art, but we have always found the lesser writers the most unwilling to see the possibility of any abbreviation.

Sometimes, too, a contribution from the best of writers must be declined, and the strain upon the relation between editor and contributor is in such a case reduced to the minimum; it is much more difficult for the ordinary writer to understand the reasonableness of the rejection. few months the editor has found it necessary to decline three short stories from a writer whose work is in eager demand and difficult to secure upon an absolute order. She writes to us with no complaint or acerbity, or even surprise, but asking for suggestions that may be of service to her in meeting the wants of our readers. Another author, one of our best, to whom the editor has been frank in the expression of his adgment, writes: 'The first question with me is whether you the sketch well enough to print-whether it belongs to

the Mogazine. 'It is a pleasure to be able to say, as the result of a long experience, that usually writers of all degrees of excellence receive the unfavorable verdict in the most friendly spirit; too often the modesty of the contributor would be surprised

Rubaiyat of A. Lazyman. I.

Wake! for the sun has scattered into flight The stars that flecked the freckle-face of night, And incense-breathing morn is here again. Yet, oh, to sleep some more is my delight,

II. The loud alarum rings above my head And thrills the atmosphere above my bed.

Ah! had I but the making of all things, Ere yet the man had made it he were dead!

"Arise! The health-food on the table steams!" A voice adown the hallway rends my dreams, And through the casement floats the sound of feet Of men who hurry on to work their schemes.

Outside I hear my neighbor's growling pup; Below there is the clink of dish and cup— Ah, what a sorry scheme of life it is That all things thus conspire to wake me up

Methinks the Seven Sleepers, when all's said, Were men who to the joys of sleep were bred-Who knew the gracious pillow at its best, And loved the luring ease of morning bed.

And when the last awak'ner slow shall creep To rouse the slumb'ring one on land and deep,
May he have feeling for my morning nap,
And say, "How he enjoys it! Let him sleep!"

—W. D. Nzaarr in Colorado Evening Telegraph.

Among the Current Magazines.

Harper's Magazine for August opens with a story by Netta Syrett entitled "A Revelation in Arcadia." "Ra Activity: A New Property of Matter," by Robert Kennedy Duncan, is an interesting scientific article, "France's Touring Craftsmen" is beautifully illustrated by Castaigne. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, is continued. In the "Easy Chair" this month Mr. Howells writes on Samuel Richardson's novels. There are other stories and poems and articles of interest. Richard Le Gallienne has a story, Perdita's Lovers." Edith Wharton has a story which is rather of an immoral tendency, and the duller therefor, entitled "The Reckoning." Maurice Maeterlinck has a paper on "The Wrath of the Bee."

+ + + The Century for August opens with an article on "The New New York," by Randall Blackshaw, with pictures in color by Jules Guerin. "A Wishing Song," by Joel Chandler Harris, a poem about Brer Rabbit, is literature of a very high rank, "The Confessions of a Wife" are continued, "Chapters from the Biography of a Prairie Girl," by Eleanor Gates, is begun. Joel Benton has an interesting article on "P. T. Baenum, Humorist and Showman." The Martinique disaster is treated exhaustively in several interesting arti-

The August National is primarily a fiction number. Eight young American writers contribute stories. Poultney Bigelow sketches London in the coronation period. Frederic Lawrence Knowles tells, in a pretty poem illustrated from photographs, the story of "The Bold Sailer—Her Highness the Baby" John R. Winder, the accord officer of the Mormon church, makes a spirited defense of that institution. Frank Putnam, in "Note and Comment," reviews the three curonation odes by Austin, Watson and Carman. Throughout the National is full of new and attractive pictures of nen, women and places of present interest. The number also contains clever poems by Ironquill of Kansas, Flavia Rosser, Nellie Francis Milburn, Marcia Davies and William Wallace

The Pilgrim for August is a most entertaining midsummer number. The cover design by Netta M, Filer pictures a cornfield, typical of the great middle west at this season of the year. In his department, "Men and Matters of Moment," the editor, Willis J. Abbot, writes of recent events in the world's history which engage the thoughts of men interested in National and international politics. For the benefit of the young women of the land whose talents seem to point out to them a theatrical career, Miss Julia Marlowe writes frankly and authoritatively of "The American Girl and the Stage." An article of interest is Landon Knight's account of "The Locale of Alice of Old Vincennes." The illustrations are photographs of the real places made familiar by Mau, rice Thompson's novel.

There are several short stories in the August Success. chief among them being "The Little Bear Who Grew," by Henry Wallace Phillips, the author of the popular "Red Saunders." It is a humorous tale with plenty of snap and plot. John Oxenham's "A Hero in Spite of Himself" is a stirring tale of Missionary Life in the South Sea Islands. Miss Zona Gale, the poetess, has made the homely girl a beroine. In "The Walllower" she tells of the disappointments, meditations and heart-breakings of a plain-featured out cultured girl at a ball where she was obliged to sit and vatch others dance. Prof. Max Nordan has been added to the Success list of contributors, and the August number conrains the first installment of his new article, "The Stimulus

The July number of the Great Round World offers a variety of reading. With many touches of local color Charles Fletcher Scott describes "Sailors' Snug Harbor," the ideal home for ancient mariners. Arthur J. Brown, who, by the way, has just completed a tour of the world in his of-ficial capacity as secretary of the Presbytevian Beard of Missions, contributes a striking estimate of "The People of Siam and Laos"—those remote Asiatics who have unexpectedly adopted so many of the best features of western civiliza-

A Statue of Daudet.

"I belong to my own hoat" (to my own time), said Alphonse Daudet some years before his death; "I love it, but In the Editor's Study for Harper's Magazine for August, the boats which are to come interest me as much as my own. "As the editor looks back upon the large company of barques the current is adverse, and the sky traitorous, and for each the evening is so soon fallen." And the evening fell for him, but the glow of his fame remains. His statue has just been erected in the Champa-Elyanes in Paris, and such he expended the then unprecedented sum of \$20,000 in amenity of the relationship. The ablest writers are always, on him. The orators, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue, and some penetrating things about the gifted real management, and the most ready to admit their reasons of business has been an areally averdone of late in the statue. immertality as the sculptor's art can give has been conferred The Commercial Advertiser is of the opinion that this kind rial management, and the most ready to admit their reasons writer, as reported in the Parisian press. M. Abel Hermant of business has been so greatly overdone of late, in the mat-bleness. Such demands necessarily arise, the most frequent observed that "Dauder looked at souls from the same close ter of pushing novels into public notice, that the inevitable one being that for the curtailment of a contribution. The viewpoint as that from which he would look at flowers in a

"As a child lying on its back in the grass sees above its yes a thousand twigs crossing and recrossing each other, he saw souls in their complexity and in their intersections, in reality. No metaphysics, no psychological or moralistic divination, no technic or reasoning, he rute. His intuition was sure and audden. * * He seated himself at the very center of your being and, lucidity, took the place of your own obscure conscience. * * Not that he acted on his subjects by some mysterious magnetism, not that he fascinated he did not enter into your soul like a robber; you called him rather and effaced yourself before him willingly, cyfully. And when he used to say, 'Give me one of your flowers, one of your flowers of suffering. blooming and bleeding, quickly you would give them all to him. And you felt that, like le petit Chose, he put your pain in his breast. * * Like all that has life, this living telligence was not the product of spontaneous generation. It had ancestors and a civil estate, motherland. Daudet was not a child of chance, he was the issue of a race, and he was the flower of a race. * * * Gradually he fructified the gifts be had received from nature, passing from direct and fragmentary observation to the great syntheses. There are no sermons and no preachers," said M. Es-

cudier, "in Daulet's novels." He continues as follows:
"At first sight, it looks as if he was simply trying to make us laugh, but his irony is quite a surface affair. derneath it is indignation that burns and bursts out. It is not his way to attack bad passions and vices directly, but he applies himself, by the vehement opposition of their contraries, to provoke our anger and contempt. Never was there an author who put into pathetic action more personal emotion than Daudet, and, among his books, I know none which more visibly than 'Sapho' and 'Jack,' reveal the marr through the artist and writer. In short, this scoffer was nowise a skeptic. His irony, even in its most diverting form, hides a sensibility ever ready to be moved, and it is because he did not always know how to detach himself from his sentimental creations, and because he was too much bent inspiring us with the love of good by the powerful antithesis of the consequences of evil, that he sometimes into exaggeration and invraisemblance. The beauty of his work suffers a little from this, but its morality and its social significance are enhanced proportionately thereby, tirical work of Daudet is of that sort which acts strongly on the customs and manners of an epoch and transforms present into the future."—Literary Digest.

A Story on John Kendrick Bangs.

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The publication of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' new book, "Olympian Nights," has brought to light some good stories of the author, among them the following: One summer, Mr. Bangs, having promised to send some new books to his family in the mountains, and having forgotten it until the last moment, hastily entered a bookshop on his way to the depot and asked the clerk, a stranger to him, for some good summer stories. It was a warm day, and the salesman took only a languid interest in the customer. He offered several books not at all adapted to Mr. Bangs' object. Finally he manght out some volumes of the right sort, and among them was a copy of "The Pursuit of the House-Boat."

"No," said Mr. Bangs, promptly, "don't show me sything of Bangs'. I can't read Bangs."

A belated glessm of friendly interest flashed into the clerk's syes. He leaned across the counter. "To sail the truth," he said, genially, "naither can I"